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JAMES BARNABY, Jr., General Agent.

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PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:—Samuel Brooke,  
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Let Holmes.

From the Liberator.  
British Philanthropy.

Our readers have already been apprised, that the friends of negro emancipation, in Great Britain, desirous of aiding in the peaceful extinction of the execrable system of slavery which is nourished in this country, and especially of presenting to Frederick Douglass a token of their sympathy, regard, and appreciation of his talents and labors, have resolved to procure for him a printing press and other materials, to enable him to publish an anti-slavery journal in the United States. The following advertisement we copy from Howitt's Journal:

SUBSCRIPTION FOR FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The outrage offered to the colored race in the person of this distinguished and amiable member of that race, on quitting our shores, has properly roused the indignation of every friend of freedom. There is a general feeling that some striking testimony against this truckling, on the part of Englishmen and chartered servants of our Queen, to the worst prejudice of the Americans, and in favor of the noble-minded Douglass and his oppressed fellow-slaves, should be given. It is thought that as Frederick Douglass goes to his native land, not only as a champion of the black Americans, but as the certain object of attack and contumely from the worst portion of the white Americans, it is both fitting and highly desirable to put into his hands a weapon not only of defence, but of victory. That weapon, of all others, is a PRINTING PRESS! Armed with this, he may fight out bravely the great battle of freedom for the slave, and respect for the free man of color. Let every enemy of slavery—every friend of justice and of God's truth—up! and aid this great effort! Lists for subscriptions are opened—from a shilling upwards. Let every man and woman, according to ability, throw down his offering, and a great act of national honor will be accomplished—a great blow be struck at the root of slavery, and of the taskmaster's pride!

Subscriptions are received at Howitt's Journal Office, 171 Strand; or by post-office orders, or otherwise, addressed to the Editors. These will be forwarded to the general Treasurer of the Fund, and a list of all subscribers will be published.

In the People's Journal of the present month, we find the following article:

AN 'ALBION' PRESS FOR FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The proposition to raise a fund to present F. Douglass with a press, type, &c., originated with an esteemed lady of Newcastle-on-Tyne—the same benevolent individual who proposed and accomplished F. D.'s ransom from the despotic grasp of the slaveholders. She conceived the excellent idea of having an Anti-Slavery paper, edited by F. Douglass, and worked by colored people—so that the negro population might have an organ peculiarly 'their own,' in which to express their thoughts, desires, and woes, in their own way, under the intelligent guidance of F. Douglass, their successful and worthy champion. The plan has matured for some time—and the warmest friends of the negro race have freely been consulted upon the subject. It was thought, however, advisable to make Douglass's departure for America the season of public appeal in his behalf. Prior to his leaving England, the object was named to him, with the view of ascertaining whether it would accord with his taste and feelings to be the editor of a paper. His reply was at once conclusive—declaring it to be the object of his highest ambition to serve his oppressed brethren, by advocating their rights through the press. Eliza Burritt and other friends were also consulted, and friendly suggestions received from all—the result being the proposition which is now before the public. It is calculated that 5000. will purchase a good iron press, sufficient type, and supply a small capital to commence the work. The subscriptions are going on most satisfactorily. Let us invite our readers to cast in their mite to aid this noble purpose. Subscriptions may be addressed to our care, or to Mr. H. Richardson, 5, Summerhill-grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne; from whom subscription papers may be obtained by those who feel disposed to act as collectors. Some of our 'moulders,' we hope, will devise and cast a suitable device to ornament the head of the press. A neat wood engraving to embellish the head of the paper (probably a double deny sheet), from some willing hand will also serve to show our sympathy with the oppressed. 'A Type' informs us that he intends to give 'a substantial mallet and shooting-stick to unlock the fetters of the slave, and another promise 'a planer, of good English oak, to help level the slave system.'

It is with great pleasure that the friends of Mr. Douglass, in this country, have seen this evidence of regard for him personally, and of a desire to aid them in the most efficient manner in their struggle for the liberation and elevation of the colored population; but there are circumstances which render it inexpedient, in their opinion, to make such a present as is generously contemplated—i.e. in that precise form. It seems to be the impression of our transatlantic conductors, that there is not a single newspaper either published or edited by any colored person in the United States; and hence their laudable desire to see one established, under one so gifted as Mr. Douglass. But they labor under a mistake. Already, there are not less than four such papers, devoted to the interests of the colored population, and exclusively conducted by intelligent colored men—viz: 'The Disfranchised American,' published in Cincinnati; 'The Mystery,' in Pittsburgh; 'The Ram's Horn,' in the city of New York; and the 'National Watchman,' in Troy. Three of these have been commenced during the present year, and all of whom are conducted with sufficient talent to reflect credit on their enterprising projectors. They fully demonstrate the capacity of the colored population for freedom, and are probably quite as numer-

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 49.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 101.

All remittances to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary affairs of the paper, to be addressed (post paid) to the General Agent. Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors.

TERMS:—\$1.50 per annum, or \$1.75 (invariably required) if not paid within six months of the time of subscribing. ADVERTISEMENTS making less than a square inserted three times for 75 cents—one square \$1.

Printed for the Publishing Committee by  
G. N. HAPGOOD.

## Manners and Morals.

Some sage, who calls himself a Northern man with Southern citizenship, is writing long articles in the New York Courier and Enquirer, upon the differences between North and South, which are probably designed for an argument in favor of slavery in new territories. He addresses them to the Hon. Geo. B. Marsh, representative in Congress from Vermont. He started with saying that while morals ruled at the North, manners ruled at the South; and before he got through the third number, he proved as direct consequence of these two positions, that of the two, the Southern people were the most religious, and the Northern people the best bred! What he will prove as he gets along, as direct consequences from and conflicting with his premises, we know not, nor he either—perhaps. But while he is engaged in his logical labors, we commend to his special attention, a case of recent occurrence in New Orleans.

On the 20th ult., the Coroner of New Orleans held an inquest on the body of a negro boy, a runaway whose name was unknown, and who was found dead in the jail at Algiers. The boy had been severely whipped, and left without medical aid for five or six days; and the verdict was "death from the effects of excessive flogging." We wish that the "Northern man with Southern citizenship" would tell us, in his next number, whether this case belongs to the category of morals, religion, or manners. The unknown boy was a runaway. This means that he was imprisoned on suspicion of being a runaway. He was not probably beaten by his master, for he would probably have earned him home for the purpose, and had some interest in his life. Was he beaten by the jailor? And if so, do the laws of Louisiana arm jailors with such powers? Whether the case belong to manners, morals or religion, they are of a quality which do not flourish at the North.—Phil. Ledger.

Free Produce Meeting in New York.—We have received the gratifying intelligence that the annual meeting of the Free Produce Association of Friends of New York Yearly Meeting, held on the evening of Third day last, in the Yearly Meeting House, was very numerously attended by the members of that Yearly Meeting. This large attendance was probably the result, in part, of notice being given by the Clerk, in the Yearly Meeting, of the intended meeting of the Association, and its purpose being there approvingly spoken of by several influential members but it is believed, it may be more attributed to an increasing, deepening sense throughout the Yearly Meeting of the duty of working with CLEAN HANDS in our efforts to subvert the system of slavery. A subscription was opened at the meeting towards the establishment of a Free Produce Store in New York, and the sum of \$350 raised, additional to previous collections. A large committee consisting of several members within each quarterly meeting, was appointed to collect further sums. We hope to give a fuller account next month.—Non-Slaveholder.

A Colored Physician.—Dr. David J. Peck, a son of our estimable townsman, Mr. John Peck, has returned to our city from the west, where he has been pursuing his classical and medical studies in the flourishing institutions where color does not exercise so great an influence as in most of the institutions of the eastern and middle States. Young Dr. Peck is a graduate of Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill. We knew him while pursuing his classical studies under private instructors in this city, and saw in him more than mediocre talents and rich promises for the future. We have learned from several sources that Dr. Peck, while in the Medical College bore an excellent character for uprightness and gentlemanly deportment, and ranked among the foremost of the members of the institution in talent and acquisitions. Wherever Dr. Peck may establish himself, for the duties of his profession we doubt not that he will be successful unless the prejudice of color be made to operate against him.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Boundary between Virginia and Ohio.—The Governor of Ohio has appointed the Hon. Thomas Ewing, Alfred Kelley and John Brough, Esqrs. Commissioners on the part of the State of Ohio to meet the three Commissioners of the State of Virginia to adjust the questions of the boundary and jurisdiction arising out of the contest whether the jurisdiction of Virginia extends to the middle of the Ohio river, or to low-water mark on the northern shore. It is expected they will meet in the city of Washington some time in the month of January next.

Missionary Enterprises.—The Richmond Enquirer styles the march of our armies into Mexico, "the progress of civilization," and says that "no one can deny that the war will exert a powerful moral influence upon the destinies of Mexico." We could not understand before why Taylor and his officers had been elected members of Southern Missionary Societies, but this explains it.—Elvira Courier.

"The greatest and the smallest man in the world," says the Boston Transcript of Monday evening, "arrived in town yesterday morning from New York, via the Fall River Railroad: viz. Daniel Webster and Gen. Tom Thumb."

Will the Transcript please inform us which is the SMALLEST of these two gentlemen.—Ed. "RAM'S HORN."

The (New School) General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States has addressed letters to the Churches in Ireland and Scotland, in reply to their remonstrances against the continuance given by it to slavery, stating that it does not deem further communications on that topic necessary.—Tribune.

ous as can secure a living patronage at present.

Since Mr. Douglass has returned home, he has ascertained these facts, and that the ground which he expected to occupy, with striking conspicuousness, is no longer vacant; and hence, we are informed by him, he has deemed it both prudent and proper to suggest to his British friends the inexpediency of sending over to him the noble gift which they contemplate bestowing upon him.

Under all the circumstances of the case, we fully coincide with him in judgment.—Even if there were not so many papers already established by colored men, we are apprehensive that his public usefulness would be abridged, rather than extended, by an attempt to carry on a mechanical business with which he has no practical acquaintance, and the prosecution of which might, in the end be attended with pecuniary embarrassment to himself. It would be extremely difficult, if not impracticable, for him to superintend the editing and publishing of a newspaper, and at the same time to occupy the field as a public lecturer, to any considerable extent. Whatever leisure he may find to use his pen—in an instrument which he wields with much skill and effect—there are numerous anti-slavery journals which at all times would gladly publish his productions, and thus secure for them a wide circulation. But it is as a lecturer, that his extraordinary powers can be the most successfully employed for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause. In that department of labor, the peculiar circumstances of his case—his personal sufferings and experience as a slave—his fluency, address and eloquence—his notoriety and widely increasing popularity—all combine to leave him without a rival, and to render even a partial withdrawal from it, for any other purpose, a loss to our cause.—Whatever time, therefore, aside from the duties devolving upon him as a husband and a father—he can devote to addressing public assemblies of the people, in various parts of this widely extended country, in behalf of his enslaved brethren, will unquestionably be occupied in the best possible manner, and to the greatest advantage.

As Mr. Douglass has suggested to his English friends the expediency of abandoning their design to present him with a press, &c., no doubt they will gratify their philanthropic spirit in another form.

From the Liberty Advocate.  
Democracy of the South.

LETTER FROM GOV. BROWN OF MISSISSIPPI, TO GOV. SMITH OF VIRGINIA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, }  
Jackson, Mississippi, April 15, 1847. }

Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter covering the resolutions of the General Assembly of Virginia, on the subject of slavery, and requesting me to lay them before the Legislature of Mississippi—a request with which I shall with great cheerfulness comply when our Legislature assembles. This will not be until January, 1848. It affords me pleasure to say in advance that the resolutions will meet a hearty response from both political parties in this State. Firm in their tone, elevated in sentiment, dignified in their expression, and reflecting clearly and cogently the feelings of every Southern man on the delicate and deeply interesting subject of which they treat, they will, I sincerely trust, check our Northern friends in their mad career, and cause them to reflect before they force the South to the last extremity. When Abolitionism first disturbed the quiet of the South, our people gave way to passion, and in terms fierce and bitter denounced the fanaticism which thus sought to disturb their domestic tranquillity.

No appeal was deemed necessary at that time; no argument was resorted to, because, in the first moment of indignant excitement, the South felt that she could not discuss such a question without admitting the right of the North to call in question the property of her institutions, which she was indisposed to do. She made no appeal to what she deemed an excess of fanaticism. But things are changed. The movements of New York and Pennsylvania, and out of Congress, the evident pandering of Presidential aspirants to the favor of Abolition, has dissipated the first feeling of confident expectation that this, like other heresies, would expire of its own excesses, and the feeling of irritation has subsided into one of calm and dispassionate determination—first, to exhaust all the resources of reason and argument, in exhorting our Northern brethren to LET US ALONE on this subject; and if these fail, if the spirit of Abolition invade the councils of the nation, prompting the strong party to wrest from the weak the fruits of its soil, its property, the peaceable possession of which was guaranteed by the Constitution, then, deplorable as may be the consequences, we will feel prepared, having exhausted every fraternal remedy, to become enemies, and defend our rights with those means which God and nature has placed in our hands.

If other men will force this sad catastrophe upon us, it is our duty to watch its approach and be prepared to meet it. The South must be united. The South will be united in the next Presidential election, if this whole question is not unqualifiedly withdrawn from the contest, by a pledge categorically made to abstain from all disturbance or interference on the question of slavery during the Presidential term. No man who sympathizes with the sentiments put forth in the "Willnot Proviso," ought to have, nor in my opinion can get, a single electoral vote from the Southern States. I know he cannot get a vote from Mississippi. We may not be in favor of establishing the Rio Grande as the western boundary, up to parallel 36 degrees, and thence to the Pacific; but we will not submit to be told that slave territory is not to be acquired on this or on the other side of that line. On this subject there is no division of sentiment in Mississippi. It is common ground on which Whigs and Democrats cordially unite.

The period is approaching when we shall be called upon to make a selection of a Presidential candidate. It is impossible to see what four years may bring forth. Mighty revolutions in England, France, and other countries, have taken place in much less time, and we are now at that point from which it may be disastrous in the last degree to make one step forward without having first prepared the ground. I am opposed—and in this I think I echo the common sentiment in Mississippi—to going into convention with our Northern brethren, without a prior distinct understanding that the candidate selected must not only be sound on this subject, but beyond the tint of suspicion.

If an Abolitionist, even in the modified form of a "Willnot Proviso" man, is elevated to the Presidency, (which may God in his mercy prevent,) the South owes it to her domestic quiet, to the conduct which such an event may force her to adopt, to have no part or lot in the election of such a President. I am quite sure that our Northern brethren will yet do us the justice to yield to our reasonable demands. We have not asked more of them than they have asked of us. We have only asked to be left alone. A request so reasonable in itself, and so easily granted, will surely not be denied; if it is, we owe it to ourselves to take care that the denial shall come through a President of our own choosing. Be future events what they may, Mississippi will stand by Virginia in maintaining her recently adopted resolutions, as she has always stood by her in support of her resolutions of '99.

Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
A. G. BROWN.  
His Excellency, WM. SMITH,  
Governor of Virginia.  
From the Liberator.  
Reformers.

The philosophical editor of the National Era, having located himself at Washington, in the District of Columbia—the capital resort of the soul-buyers and coffee-drivers of the South, and the spot on which are located the national slave-prisons—so little disturbed by anything that he sees or hears around him, that he finds ample leisure to draw the "PORTRAITS OF REFORMERS," with just enough of caricature, and sufficiently spiced with invective, to make them highly agreeable to every class and calculating conservative in the land, while he is as much in favor of true reform as any body, (if you will take his word for it,) is very far from being either an agitator or a fanatic. An effort like this—at such a crisis in the struggle of the weak against the mighty to give deliverance to the oppressed—if made by the editor of the New York Observer or the New England Patriot, would excite no surprise, and probably elicit no remark. As it might seem insulting to suppose that the editor of the Era meant to describe himself in any one of his sketches of those whom he designates as either "constitutionally hot-headed and hasty"—or "with little of the milk of human kindness in their hearts, and an irascible temper"—or as "narrow-minded, who feel, but do not reason"—or who are "constitutional declaimers, and dealers in tropes and figures, living only in a tempest"—or who are "metaphysical reformers and creed-mongers"—or who are self-sufficient, ambitious, and who continue battling from habit, an appetite for excitement, and a love of leadership; and as the foregoing editor is in the scriptures, which configurate the soul of Jesus, and which has distinguished all the great reformers of past ages, he imagines himself to be complete in all things, wanting nothing. He aspires to be a philosopher, and can look on slave shambles, and the sale of human beings at public vendue, and hear the clanking of chains and the cries of outraged humanity, with philosophical composure. Too phlegmatic or too calculating to be hurried into any excess of speech or language by generous impulses, he prides himself upon the fact that no charge of fanaticism can be justly alleged against him. Propriety is with him, what instinct was to Falstaff, a great matter. Though ostensibly engaged in one of the most exciting reforms, and seeking the overthrow of one of the most despotic systems that the pages of history record—and though voluntarily assuming a position among bloody and cruel men, which, if occupied in the spirit of Christian heroism, must excite against him intense hostility—he manages so discreetly, writes so smoothly, utters himself so inoffensively, and studies to behave so gentlemanly that he creates no alarm, excites no clamor, and is regarded even by the traffickers in human flesh with stolid indifference. And this he considers the true way of conducting a reformatory movement! In the plenitude of his wisdom, he is satisfied that nothing but courtesy is the one thing needful to put tyrants on their good behavior, and make the path of reform smooth and flowery. If the old prophets found themselves in hot water, it was their fault.—They were indiscreet in their acts, abusive in their language, and sweeping in their denunciation. If Jesus rose up against himself the wrath of the chief priests, scribes and Pharisees, and subjected himself to an ignominious crucifixion, it was because he had more zeal than discretion. Unfortunately, he had not the lights which signalize the present 'Era.' He meant well, but he had

bad luck. If his apostles were regarded as disorganizers and madmen, and ranked among the offscouring of all things, it was because they had an appetite for excitement, and a horror of obscurity. They evidently coveted persecution, to increase their consequence, and make their names an abiding presence in the minds of their followers. Nay, they often magnified their sacrifices and sufferings, in a vainglorious spirit. One of them paraded their experience, as reformers, as follows: "We were made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men, (what infernal egotism!)—Even unto this present hour, we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place—we are made as the filth of the world"—(so much for ranting, dealing in personalities, and lacking in sound discretion!)—On another occasion, he ostentatiously declared—"Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes, save one; thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in perils of robbers, in perils of waters, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Clearly, he was a "self-sufficient and ambitious reformer," who, in warring against the wrongs of others, neglected his own heart, till he knew not what manner of spirit he was of. The fault of all these reformers was, "in judging of men, they left out of the account the influence under which their views and habits had been formed; they were not philosophical; they had neither refinement of taste, nor equanimity of spirit."

And so of the martyrs of old, of Tyndale, Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Fox, &c., &c. How lamentable that they had not the editor of the National Era to show them how to proceed without excitement or opprobrium, and to beard the lion in his den without extorting even a growl. N. B. As the editor of the Era has finished his "Portraits of Reformers," suppose he next gives his patrons the lineaments of the human kidnappers by whom he is surrounded, and the wolves in sheep's clothing who regularly officiate in the pulpits in Washington! P. S. More discretion will be required in this attempt than in the former.

From the Chronicle.  
Money against Morals.

I am not about to perpetrate a sermon upon the title text, that money is the root of all evil, nor do I intend to indulge in any philosophical disquisitions upon the selfish propensities which prevail among us in the scramble for wealth; for in this respect, I do not suppose that this age or this community differs very essentially from other times and other communities; but I wish only to note two circumstances which have recently occurred in this our very good city, which will show pretty conclusively, I think, that the love of money over-rides moral influences a little more decidedly than most of us are apt to imagine, and that the most decided inequity that is available, to make or save money, may be practised among us with the greatest impunity, even though in other cases it may meet the reprobation it deserves. But to our subject.

The managing officer of one of the moneyed institutions of this city, a man of far more than ordinary intellectual ability and acquirements, and of hitherto unsullied reputation, has been detected in renegeing to his individual capital, and appropriating to his own use, certain earnings or savings of the bank, with the business affairs of which, he was intrusted.

Upon the discovery of this embezzlement, deep penitence was manifested by the delinquent, the most prompt and ample restitution made, and the strongest appeals for mercy preferred. As an erring man who has suffered the punishment of an accusing conscience, and who must continue to feel the pangs of remorse, and mortifications of pride, it could be wished that some little abatement of the open and general indignation might be extended to him, especially by his brother Skylocks of the street, between whom and himself perhaps, after all, there may not be much more intrinsic difference than is supposed to exist between twiddle-dee and twiddle-dum. But let this pass. We have no desire to extenuate crime, though we may often wish to mitigate punishment, and abate suffering. It is sufficient to say that this affair is viewed with universal indignation by the community at large, but especially so by the more wealthy portion of our citizens.

Let us now consider another occurrence which has turned up amongst us, one of far greater moral turpitude, and far deeper criminality, than that which we have been considering, and ponder upon the verdict which, in this case also, has been awarded by the community to the offenders. At the instigation, or rather at the bidding and direction of one of our merchant princes to his servants, a man has been kidnapped at noonday in the streets of Boston, and borne off into hopeless slavery, one hour of which, we have been told by competent authority, is more intolerable than an age of that political bondage, against which our fathers rose in rebellion.

The perpetrators of this iniquity walk the streets unmolested by the law, and unrebuked by the moral sense of this community; nay, more, the prime movers in this transaction, the head and front of this offence against God and man, openly boasts in the streets and through the public press, that his brother merchants justify the deed; and approve the crime! Nor has this taunt met with any denial from the gentlemen of property and standing; but with silent assent passes unchallenged!

If the unhappy financier were compelled to pass the hour of 'high change' in public presence, among his quondam friends and former associates, we doubt not the severity of the punishment would exceed the infliction of the

pillory upon ordinary offenders; but the successful kidnapper, the cool perpetrator of a crime next to murder, can parade 'the street' with entire impunity, 'cock his beaver' in the face of day with perfect nonchalance, and mingle, hail fellow, well met, 'where merchants most do congregate.'

Here is a distinction, monstrous and palpable, made between two crimes, and the worst of it is, that the one of far greater turpitude meets with sympathy and approval, instead of condemnation and punishment from the public voice. He who steals a man, and dooms him to hopeless and horrid bondage, meets no general rebuke from this Christian and Republican community; while he who fleches money commits so gross an offence against the God of our idolatry, that he can never show his face in the markets of trade, or in the congregations of the pious.

Out upon such mockery of justice, pseudo Christianity, false honor, and such a perverted sense of right and wrong! No respect whatever can be felt for the moral judgment of a community, which glows with sanctimonious satisfaction over the punishment of Philip Maret, while it sympathizes with the impunity awarded to John H. Pearson; nor can the least confidence be placed in the conservation of the Law, when the Temple of Justice itself is so polluted and controlled by a base public sentiment, that its priests and officials shut their eyes upon a crime of the deepest dye, and refuse to take cognizance of an iniquity which harmonizes with the supposed pecuniary interests of the community. JAY.

## Extinction of Slavery.

An Anti-Slavery work is still going on in the world. From various quarters the tidings come to us, that the system is tottering or falling. Recent accounts from Smyrna, state that the slave trade of Egypt has received a death blow. The government has issued an edict for the abolition of slavery at the end of fifty days. Of course the slave market felt the stroke at once, and there was an immediate decline of sixty per cent. in the prices. Purchasers, even at this reduced price, all stood aloof.

In New Grenada the demand for the entire abolition of slavery is rising. A writer in one of their late journals urges a speedy extinction of the system. He says:

"That slavery is as injurious to the proprietors of slaves as it is to society, and that an immense amount of wealth will disappear from New Grenada if the present slow and destructive plan for its abolition is continued. The emancipation of the children, leaving the parents in slavery, is said to work the most injurious effects; and it is necessary to make them all free or all slaves. The parents can only entertain hatred against society where it denies to them what it bestows upon their children. The liberty of all, the writer goes on to say, is a thing which the legislature may hasten but cannot delay. He proposes that all should be made free simultaneously on the 1st of January, 1850, and that the government shall pay their proprietors five per cent. annual interest on their value, and that after that time it shall not be possible for any person to be held as a slave in the territory of New Grenada."

EFFECT OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION.—The slaves constituted formerly the wealth of the planters; now, as free and remunerated laborers, they are the soul of our island commerce, and, as such, are the wealth of the merchants. Let us look back at the commercial revolution which has taken place in Trinidad since the dawn of freedom. The signs of comparative wealth among the laboring people everywhere appear. The great change in their condition has greatly stimulated trade of every description. Mechanics of every class have increased a hundred fold among the lower order of society; these are rapidly rising in respectability and wealth, and promise at no very distant day to act an important part in the internal trade and affairs of the colony. In consequence of the possession of money by the people, our island imports have increased to a most surprising extent in the course of a few years.—Trinidad Spectator.

The Slave's Idea of Freedom.—The following eloquent passage is taken from a speech delivered in the Assembly of Virginia, by James McDowell, the present Governor of that State:—

"You may place the slave where you please; you may dry up to the utmost the fountains of his feeling, the springs of his thought; you may yoke him to your labor as an ox which liveth only to work, and worketh only to live; you may put him under any process, which, without destroying his value as a slave, will debase and crush him as a rational being; you may do this, and the idea that he was born to be free will survive it all. It is allied to his hope of immortality; it is the eternal part of his nature which oppression cannot reach; it is a torch lit up in his soul by the hand of Deity, and never meant to be extinguished by the hand of man."

Prejudice against Color.—Rev. Hiram H. Garnet, an educated and highly respectable colored clergyman, in passing down Lake Champlain in the steamer Saranac the other day, was not allowed to eat his dinner even at the second table. In deference to the aristocracy of the skin, he modestly waited till the first table had been cleared away, supposing that his ticket would entitle him to a place at the second without molestation. After he took his seat, however, he was ordered away, and, not choosing to feed alone, like a beast, he faded, and perhaps prayed also, until his arrival at Burlington for the removal of the prejudice which subjected him to so much annoyance. Mr. Garnet says that at least two who sat at the first table were so drunk that they were scarcely able to navigate. But it mattered not if they were only white.—Tribune.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Slave Labor Products--No. 1. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

#### FRIENDS EDITORS:--

Having, as your readers may infer from your editorials of the last two weeks, had some difficulty in getting access to your readers through the columns of the Bugle, and I suppose entirely debarr'd from a hearing through the Liberator, I must ask for a little more space than would otherwise be necessary, for prefatory remarks.

[We omit here a portion of our correspondent's preface, inasmuch as it relates to a matter which he was told in a private interview we thought would be out of place in our columns--nor is the part omitted needed to give a correct understanding of his Free Produce views.--Eds.]

I consider the American Anti-Slavery Society under obligations, not only to admit, but to encourage the discussion of, and to advocate, the Free Labor question.

And especially is the Western A. S. Society bound to do this. When this Society received its impulse by the visit of Abby Kelley in 1845, the Declaration of Sentiments and Constitution of the present Society formed in 1833, was read in the Convention held in New Lisbon, and re-adopted by the same, as the acknowledged embodiment of the principles, doctrines and measures of this Society. Among the measures which stand prominent in that declaration of sentiment, is the following, "We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves, by giving a preference to their productions."

At the Convention of the Western Society held at New Garden last year, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we believe it our duty to abstain as far as practicable from the fruits of slaves' labor, and encourage the labor of freemen.

By the published proceedings of this Convention in the Bugle of June 26, 1846, it will be seen that this resolution "passed with scarcely a dissenting voice." An editorial in the same paper says it passed "with much unanimity."

[A few lines also omitted here.--Eds.]

#### THE DECLENSION.

Whenever the Am. A. S. Society has added to its policy any new measure, or modified any of its old ones, the subject of such change has always been a theme of much discussion; sometimes almost to the exclusion of the direct question. The change now attempted to be effected in relation to the free produce question, constitutes a remarkable exception to this rule. Even W. L. Garrison, who once maintained that the doctrine of abstention from slave labor produce was a duty as clear as that of abstention from slaveholding--"a self-evident truth," now takes a contrary position, and in doing so, declares in plain terms, his unwillingness either to discuss the subject or grant the use of his paper for the privilege of such discussion!

Is it thus that "self-evident truths" are to be disposed of by abolitionists? If this be so, and the evidence that it is need not now be disputed, we may not only hear of the Disunion doctrine being abandoned to-morrow, (for it never has, nor never will be claimed to be based on a self-evident truth,) but the abandonment of the idea of the slave's inalienable right to liberty, may with equal propriety be surrendered, for that is nothing more than a "self-evident truth."

But strange as it may seem, soon after W. L. Garrison's views became changed, we discovered one by one, without a public discussion of the question, with no circulation of anti-free labor tracts, the anti-slavery men and women dropping off!

The Am. Free Produce Society lost several of their active members, their names and their arguments, the latter unanswered and unanswerable, and both as monuments of their apostasy from the doctrine so triumphantly maintained by many of our ablest anti-slavery writers, are yet to be seen upon the records.

The few reasons which have been advanced against the free labor subject, being evidently the best that can be advanced, it is my purpose in these essays to review, not so much because of the sources from which they emanate, as for the purpose which they are intended to subserve, and the use made of them.

Whatever goes to discourage the manufacture of free produce, goes so far to encourage that of slave labor, and to encourage the latter, is to aid oppression.

#### WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The editor of the Liberator, W. L. Garrison, in his remarks on the free produce question, in the Liberator of the 5th of 3rd mo. last, I perceive, takes the ground, that the fruits of the unpaid toil of the slave, may be innocently used by those who are earnestly laboring to overthrow slavery, but "not innocently by any other person!"

Strange as it appears to me to see such a position as this taken by one who in time past, occupied so firm a stand upon the other side of the question, I was still more surprised to read in the same editorial, other positions so palpably conflicting with parts of the above.

I have perused subsequent numbers of the Liberator with much expectation of seeing

his late position on the above question, supported by a chain of argument, consistent with itself at least, and could not for a time believe his readers would be obliged to accept that article as the best and only defence that cause would afford. But the very fact that it has been sustained no better, by one whose ability to do justice to a worthy subject cannot be disputed, affords strong evidence to the friends of the free labor enterprise, that their cause stands upon a permanent basis.

He not only alleges that "nothing would be gained" by pressing the free labor subject upon public attention; that it would be "a waste of time," &c., but sets down as "preposterous and unjust," those who "attempt to seek the subversion of slavery" by refusing the use of its products, or "attach moral guilt to the consumer." Yet I understand him to "attach moral guilt to the consumer" by saying that other persons than good abolitionists cannot innocently use those products!

We are told by his editorial, that to regard the consumer of slave labor products, as a supporter of the system, is an "error," yet the same editorial tells us that these consumers (good abolitionists excepted) are guilty for using them!

He imputes great credit to "the truly conscientious" who abstain, but must have forgotten that those are the individuals who "attach moral guilt to the consumer," and who therefore lie under this charge of preposterous injustice!

He considers it not susceptible of "clear demonstration" that it is wrong to use the productions of slave labor, that it should be "left to the individual conscience," and that "no man" could reduce the question to practice. Yet after laying down these conscience-nooters for abolitionists, he has arraigned the anti-abolitionists, as guilty for leaving the subject to "individual conscience," for not reducing to practice this "impracticability."

He says the free labor abolitionists "are bound to be rigidly consistent." Does he mean they only should be so? Are we to ask others to do what we call "impracticable?"

But why are anti-abolitionists "not innocent" in using these products? The answer must be that it is a pro-slavery (slavery sustaining) act. From this conclusion there appears to be no escape. Then we find the ground taken by W. L. Garrison and others to be this; that pro-slavery acts by those who labor in the slave's cause, are justifiable!

The pro-slavery church-member nor the voter for the veriest slaveholder, need ask for no broader license than this. If anti-slavery labor will atone for the support I render to the slave system, by purchasing of the slaveholder his ill-gotten gains, the same labor will exonerate me from guilt when for a similar reason (pecuniary gain) I vote for Henry Clay and a high tariff. And why may I not with as good a plea purchase John C. Calhoun's slaves and with their (the slaves') "consent," set them to work for me while I go forth to advocate the cause of human rights? It need not be replied that the slave would not in this case have a right to give his consent, if he can, as Stephen S. Foster asserts, and as Garrison implies, give his consent to the anti-slavery lecturer to use the proceeds of his unpaid toil after they had passed thro' the hands of his master, he can give that consent to his master. Or in other words, he can consent to be a slave that by virtue of the robberies committed upon him, the advocate of his rights may obtain his food and clothing cheaper, and be thus enabled to devote the more time to the cause of human liberty!

But who gave the slave a right to "consent" to a moral wrong? To build up an Anti-Slavery Society upon the alleged justice of using the products of the labor of the slave, as one of its pillars, will be about as wise, as just, as consistent, as to establish a "Free Republic" with slavery for one of its "cornerstones." The obvious intent of Garrison's argument is to show the difficulties of abstention. Why not give the non-abstaining anti-abolitionist, the advantage of these difficulties, and not charge guilt upon individuals in an inverse ratio to the light they possess?

To the church-member or the voter who talks about "the difficulties" of Consensus, he has shown no quarters; yet it has not been conceded nor is it to be taken for granted, that belonging to any church or voting under the United States Constitution, does more to sustain slavery than the use of the products of slave labor. By abstention from the latter no majority is required to produce an effect, nor is age or sex excluded from the privilege of a vote at the merchant's counter. It requires but little argument to show that the consumers of any commodity have the entire control over its production and manufacture, and that at their edict the same shall live and prosper, or die.

I understand his position, however, to require of all persons to abstain till they become good abolitionists, then all may with impunity participate with the slaveholder in his plunder!

If it is not a case "admitting of clear demonstration," that we have no just claim on the fruits of the bondman's toil, will it not be difficult also, to show that the slaveholder has no just right to those products, or at what stage of the process of production, manufacture and transfer, the title becomes clear and valid, so as to warrant their use by those who disclaim all connection with, or support of, the slave system?

B. E. DAVIS.

MILFORD, N. H. June 23d, 1847.

#### DEAR FRIENDS:--

In a city filled with bustle and excitement, a newspaper correspondent has always some topic for a communication. But in a country village, fifty miles from the metropolis, and a dozen miles from every where, the case is different.

A country parson, who has a hundred sermons per annum to write, is often sadly perplexed for subjects. Theological students sometimes say they had rather write a dissertation, than to find a theme on which to write. These hints may furnish some apology for the dryness of my communications.

One cannot but admire the singular inconsistency in some of our political and social arrangements. We punish many kinds of theft for instance, with great severity. Other, and far more atrocious kinds, we reward. To plunder stables is a crime--cradles a virtue. It depends on who steals, and what he steals. To steal a dead body from the grave, though it be the body of a slave, is a high offence. But for the master to steal him, the day before he died, body and spirit, and to mortgage, lease, swap or sell him, is one of the highest Christian virtues of the age. The Spartan law under Lycurgus, that encouraged theft, by applauding the most adroit thieves, and punishing, not for stealing, but for stealing so awkwardly as to be detected, was far more absurd.

Piracy too is with us a very naughty deed under some circumstances. We have hung and killed many for its commission. One department of it is the Foreign Slave Trade. This, by our laws, is Piracy, and the penalty is Death. And the reason given is, because it is "irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice."

But the Slave Trade is not piracy. If it were, Kentucky hardly grows hemp enough to hang her own baptized pirates, to say nothing of the unchristianized who are not in the church. This kind of piracy constitutes almost the perfection of American religion. It is the very climax of American patriotism. Only this renders a man eligible to the office of President. James Polk would no more have been President, had he not been a Land Pirate, than he would have been in heaven, had he died a year ago. The same traffic that, on the banks of the Tennessee, made him what he is, would, on the shores of the Senegal, by our own laws, have sent him to the gibbet. The same bargains that, under the Palms and Plantains of Guinea, would, by our laws, doom a man to the damnation of the galleys, would, under the shadow of our forty thousand Christian steeples, facilitate his elevation, not to the galleys, but to a Doctorship of Divinity. So do degrees of longitude determine degrees of guilt.

Some types of murder, also, we punish with a good deal of rigor. Other types of it are a sure passport to honor and glory here, and to heaven hereafter. Rev. Henry Slicer told the Baltimore volunteers, that "the man who fights hardest where the blows fall the thickest, and prays sincerely to the God of battles, that man is the best soldier and the best Christian!" If a neighbor wrong me, and I kill him, it is murder. If the government tells me to kill the Mexicans, who have never wronged me, and I refuse and desert, then the government kills me. But if I rush on, and destroy indiscriminately men, women, and children, the priest at the altar, the vestal at her devotions, instead of naming it crime, it is baptized as glory, and the nation is impatient to load me with its honors. A Kentucky orator said not long ago, that "if General Taylor is nominated for the Presidency, we will elect him by spontaneous combustion." So they doubtless would.

Such is the government that our politicians tell us is the best under heaven, and our priests that it was pre-eminently "ordained of God." Let us dash it in pieces. And the religion that sanctifies it shall be whelmed in the same destruction. Slavery is its delight--War its pride. It has already exterminated one whole race of a thousand tribes, and seized upon their lands; theirs since the time to which the memory of man runneth not. Now again, it is at its old work of carnage and plunder. Another nation must be plucked from the galaxy of new republics to glut our insatiable love of tyranny and blood. God save the Commonwealth of Mexico from our Northern hordes, compared with whom, Goth and Vandal were as the angels, who, on Judea's plains, sung "Peace on earth, and good will to men!"

Yours and Mexico's,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

#### Secession Doings.

It may be alarming to some, while it will be encouraging to others, to hear that independent spirits in Atwater and Marlborough have been weekly, for some time, discussing the propriety of secession from the Federal Union, on the part of the non-slaveholding States. The meetings were not called for the purpose of listening to trained speakers, but for ascertaining the sentiments of the Buck-eye population who are in a state of preparation to believe they can do their own thinking, and speak out their thoughts when they have conceived them. Whatever fastidious criticism might say to the logic and rhetoric displayed at the meetings, (and there was variety of both,) it will not be denied that they were free meetings, of free men, in good earnest, exercising good common sense, on a subject of vital interest.

It is no part of the present object to go into detail, but simply to suggest that an immense growth of manhood might be anticipated from holding similar meetings in every school house throughout Ohio, and indeed in all the free States. There may always be those present who can show the ascendancy of the slave power in the general government, and the position of those who have no direct participation in perpetuating chattelism, but whose feelings revolt at it. The crisis imperatively calls upon us to look at the relation in its nakedness, which we sustain to the vilest institution named in Earth's annals. If free honest spirits will investigate the matter in primary assemblies, they will enlighten each other, increase self-respect, generate stimulus to the performance of active duty, and furnish an example that even the lethargic will be ambitious to imitate. Light is greatly needed at the present juncture, and it will shine more steadily, though it blaze less brilliantly, by being elicited from many minds. Try it, fellow-citizens, and see when the farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic and the laborer have thrown their thoughts into common stock, whether there will not be intellectual capital sufficient for all practical purposes; and do not fail to observe that there will be more harmony in the disposition to be made of it than you could have believed. If honest men, of common sense, understood each other, a large fraction of their present opposition would fall off like autumn leaves. Leave your isms of every name at home, be impressed with the conviction that you are each a man, and feel that your interests are identical with all of human kind.

A brief synopsis of the preamble and resolutions offered, discussed and passed at the meetings spoken of, would be, that the legislation of the General Government, up to this time, has been a series of violations of the plain letter of the preamble to that instrument by which Congress professes to be guided; that their acts have neither established justice, promoted the general welfare, nor secured the blessings of liberty, but on the contrary that they have enacted the death of thousands of our fellow men, and the expenditure of millions of treasure in defiance of justice, in disregard of the general welfare for the sole and only purpose of maintaining and extending slavery, and most of this at the cost of those who have a direct interest in its abolition. For these causes, and more especially that even now a war is waging at the slave demon's behest, which if it were not the most wicked, has no parallel for meanness, the time has come to withdraw all aid from those nefarious, murderous doings, wash our hands of the iniquity, and show to the world that we are not merely the professed, but practical advocates of liberty. Two resolutions follow entire.

Resolved, That the reasons which actuate those who formed the Union, namely, "protection from aggression abroad and civil war at home, and as furnishing the best guarantee of our independence and freedom," should operate with ten-fold force to induce the free and prosperous Union to sever the ligature that binds to its back the loathsome, putrid carcass of slavery; that every sentiment of honor, every dictate of justice, every feeling of self-respect, imperiously demand that we should rid ourselves of the expense, wash our hands of the guilt and exonerate ourselves from the odium of slavery.

Resolved, That veneration for the Union for its own sake, irrespective of the benefits derivable from it, is not only anti-republican and irrational, but highly pernicious, as it tends to engender and perpetuate abuses that otherwise might not have existed, or would soon terminate.

The prevailing idea amongst the assembly on the occasions referred to, was, that the published proceedings of primary meetings would be preliminary to the calling of a general convention, that as early as possible there may be efficient action. It is hoped that it will claim attention commensurate with its vast importance.

G.

**Fruits of Slave-Hunting.**--The Carlisle Herald extra announces the death of James H. Kennedy, Esq., of Hagerstown, Md., which occurred suddenly in that borough on Friday morning last. Under the severe injuries he received in the recent riot, Mr. Kennedy has been detained there, confined to his room, patiently awaiting the tedious process of recovery. The evening before his death he was apparently well and in good spirits, and conversed cheerfully with his family and acquaintances. The next morning, between three and four o'clock, he awoke and alarmed the family, complaining of a difficulty of breathing. Physicians were sent for, and were promptly in attendance, but medical relief was unavailing. In a very short time he had ceased to breathe.

The citizens of Carlisle had a meeting, at which resolutions of respect for his memory, and condolence with his widow, were passed.

We have received the first number of "The Examiner," an Anti-Slavery paper published in Louisville, Ky., and edited by Mr. Vaughan, at one time the editor of the True American. The mechanical execution of the paper is good, and from a hasty observation, we should judge the literary articles so likewise.--Tribune.

Under the title of "The Presbyterian Church in America," a new Church was founded in Cincinnati a few weeks ago, which adheres to the old standards, but resolves that slaveholders and the advocates of slavery cannot be received into its communion.--Id.

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JULY 9, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it--the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."--Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

#### Annual Meeting.

The next Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held at New Lyme, Ashtabula county, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 18th, 19th & 20th of August, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Let the friends of Freedom come up in multitudes to the gathering! Let there be such an assemblage as will make glad the heart of the slave, and hasten the day of his redemption! Let all who can possibly attend be there. At a time like this the friends of liberty have not a single man to spare. Now is the hour for action--zeal, energy and firmness are needed now. We must not suffer the victors' shouts of triumph that come up from the plains of Mexico to drown the voices of those who are pleading for humanity. We must not allow the National exultation for triumphs upon the battle-field, and the frenzy for love for military glory to roll over the land without an effort to restrain them.

Our duty is plain, our work is before us, and the present is ours to labor in. Shall we be faithful to the trust reposed in us, or recreant to the high duty we owe our country, the world, our brother, and our Creator!

Beside the advocates of emancipation in the West, we expect to have with us on that occasion, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, JAMES N. BUFFUM, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, and perhaps others.

LOT HOLMES,

Recording Sec'y.

#### Great Anti-Slavery Conventions.

J. W. WALKER and N. N. SELBY will attend Anti-Slavery Conventions in southern Ohio as follows:

Harveysburg, Warren co., Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th.

Yankeeetown, Clermont co., Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th.

The above meetings will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., except that at Yankeeetown, which will commence at 2 P. M. on the first day, and 10 A. M. on the second.

Let us come together at the Conventions with a desire and a determination to do something for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause in southern Ohio.

S. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

#### "Christian Fellowship"--What is implied in it?

Such is the caption of an article in the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, which is designed to show that it is perfectly right for the M. E. Church North to maintain "a friendly and fraternal relation with the Church South."

It is something to have the friends of the church feel the necessity of defending it, and we are glad that the agitation of the church question, as it is called, is leading its members to inquire into the nature of their responsibilities, both in their individual and in their collective capacity. While we differ widely upon some points with the editor of the Advocate, we agree with him in believing that such intercourse and relation should be maintained between the Northern and Southern sections of the Methodist church. Their views of theology and church government are the same. Has the church South slaveholding members!--so has the church North. Has the church South slaveholding Bishops!--so has the church North, one who is a slaveholder in principle, who declares slavery to be founded on the golden law of Christian love. We can conceive of no reason, then, why these pro-slavery bodies should not embrace in loving fellowship, and their slaveholding members and defenders of the system endorse each other's Christian character. Why should not two walk together when they are so well agreed?

The Advocate says, that to fellowship another as a Christian, does not imply an entire approbation of all his views, principles, and practice. This is true; but it does imply a declaration that none of his views, principles, or practices are anti-Christian. The church asserts that it is composed of those who are christian, both in principle and practice. It receives none into membership who have not given, what it regards as satisfying evidences of their christian character; and if any member is guilty of an immoral or anti-christian act, it claims the right to deal with, and, unless due acknowledgment and reparation is made, cut off the offender. This is the general character of the church organization, and its theory of obligations; and so far as we have observed, its practice in relation to sins of smaller magnitude and unpopular vices. We have, therefore, a right to infer that the churches of this land do not regard as anti-christian the avowed principles or known practices of its members, or of the members of other bodies with whom it holds fellowship. The

M. E. Church welcomes alike to its membership the man who believes in baptism by immersion, and he who regards sprinkling as the proper mode; we infer from this that it sees nothing in the views or practices of either that is anti-christian. It receives alike slaveholders and abolitionists; and from this we draw a similar inference. It, however, rejects Unitarians and Universalists, Sabbath-breakers and counterfeiters; for they do not furnish satisfactory evidences of christian character. If one of its members should preach Unitarianism or advocate Universal salvation, should profane the Sabbath or counterfeit a bank note, it would deal with and disown him; thus testifying to the world that his principles or his practice were opposed to the doctrines of the christian religion. But not so with the man who has been sprinkled instead of being plunged, or with him who holds a slave; the church endorses the character of these men so far as to declare there is nothing anti-christian in their faith or practice. In regard to the former we have no controversy, but the latter presents to our minds one of the grossest and most palpable violations of the christian law that a man can be guilty of.

The editor says:

"It has long seemed to us that there was entirely too much squeamishness in the world on the point of Christian fellowship and intercourse."

It may be so, but we have seen no evidence of the squeamishness to which he refers. It is true there is squeamishness in regard to qualifications for type-setting, raising, and cummin, but not in relation to the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and truth. If the M. E. Church cuts off from fellowship the Unitarian brother, but retains the slaveholder, does it not declare as plainly as actions can, that a rejection of the Trinity is far more criminal than man-stealing? If it excommunicates the man who counterfeits money, but cherishes him who plunders his neighbor's cradle, does it not teach that while the former is an anti-christian act, the latter is not?

In order to show that the slaveholder should not be denounced more than some others who are members in good and regular standing, the editor further observes:

"A man who has not the highest reputation for liberality and kindness to the poor hireling--who reduces his or her wages to the lowest possible point, and gets out of them all the labor he can--is probably the loudest in his condemnation of the cruelties of the slaveholder; whereas it is evident to every unprejudiced mind that the only essential difference between them consists in the fact that the one lives a few degrees farther north than the other; and the slaveholder, on the other hand, who lives and becomes wealthy by the sweat and toil of his fellow beings, in a state of degrading servitude, liable to be sold like cattle of the stall, and whose minds must not be cultivated for fear they should rise above their condition--the Christian slaveholder looks with ineffable contempt and loathing upon all who bear the hated name of abolitionists, or anti-slavery men, although some of them are the salt of the earth."

We see great evils in both of them; and we see great evils in ourselves. What then? If they belong to the same Church that we do, must we leave it? No."

This certainly does not say much for the "squeamishness" of the editor in regard to church fellowship, nor for the squeamishness of his church, for he is a fair representative of it. If the M. E. Church has in its bosom northern scoundrels, we think it need not point to the fact as a justification for fellowshiping southern thieves. The editor does not speak of the Christian oppressors of the North, but to talk of "the Christian slaveholder" seems a matter of course, and with such views, and feelings, and preferences as he plainly manifests we should answer the question in regard to his coming out of such a church, as he does, in the negative, for he would, while in it, undoubtedly be in his proper place. Not, however, in the church of Christ, for the true church is not and may not, as he believes, be composed in part of Southern men-thieves or of Northern oppressors. And when the M. E. Church, or any other body of a like character, claims to be a branch of the church of Christ, it libels christianity and attempts to palm off falsehood upon the world. To be a christian, is to be like Christ, to be governed by the same principles, to be actuated by the same spirit, to be one with him as he was one with his Father; and it is blasphemous to assert that he who holds his brother as a slave, who wields the bloody scourge as one with Christ, is one with God; and that a church which has such in its bosom is a christian church. We hold that no man has a right to fellowship another as a christian, unless the one he thus fellowships is a christian. To do otherwise is to act a lie.

The editor refers to the fact that the British Methodists fellowshiped those of America, both North and South, as an illustration of the principle upon which the two divisions in this land should base their fellowship, for, said he:

"They had about as bad an opinion of us, on the whole, as we now have of the Southern Church, as a whole."

The case here cited shows the evil result of temporizing with wrong. The British Methodists, while believing slavery to be a sin, by their church fellowship endorsed the christian character of the Methodists of America, both North and South; and now that a partial division has taken place in the sect in this country, their example is quoted to justify, and their influence to enforce a re-



cognition of the christian character of that portion which is admitted by all to be pre-eminently slaveholding in both principle and practice. And down in the far South, christian slaveholders, pious plunderers, righteous robbers will point exultingly to it, and see in it an evidence of Methodist toleration and liberality which endorses as good christians, as living branches of the true vine, those who

Plag the backs of Jack and Nell,  
And women buy and children sell,  
Yet preach all sinners down to hell,  
And pray for heavenly union.

#### Circulate the Documents.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee, it was unanimously resolved to request its lecturing agents to make the procuring of subscribers to the Bugle, one of their most prominent duties.

No paper can be sustained without an unceasing effort on the part of its friends; and as this is true of literary, religious, and political journals, it is emphatically so of those devoted to moral reform. Not only is it desirable for the sake of the Publishers of the Bugle that all who wish it well should be constant in season and out of season to increase its subscription list, but the good of the cause also demands it. Lecturing on anti-slavery will call the attention of the people to the subject, but will not fix it there unless addresses are as frequent and as regular as church sermons; and even then, the facts necessary to keep one acquainted with the progress of the cause, and its present and future needs, cannot be presented, and without such knowledge intelligent action cannot result. Sectarian bodies understand this matter, and are as assiduous in extending the circulation of their denominational papers as in establishing regular preaching.

The Bugle is the only paper west of the Alleghenies that advocates Disunion as the ally of abolitionists, and a remedy for slavery; and we would therefore impress upon all the Western friends of this measure the importance of circulating the paper as widely as possible. It has now nearly completed its 2nd volume, and we feel well assured it could enter upon its 3d year with an addition of five hundred names to its subscription list, if its friends for three weeks to come, would exert themselves half as much to ascertain who of their neighbors can be prevailed upon to take it, as they did to learn who paid the best prices for grain—if they are half as diligent in striving to procure subscribers, as they were in disposing to profit of the contents of their granaries. Friends, will you not try? Let us have a good report of your labors before the close of the present volume.

WHO ARE THEY?—A writer in the editorial columns of the Cincinnati Herald, speaking of Liberty party, says

"There are those who still rank with the party, whom there is reason to believe, are becoming content to direct their efforts rather against the extension of Slavery, than against its confinement to its present limit. For the sake of adding numerical strength to the party, they might perhaps be satisfied with a 'Wilnot Proviso' man, if he was not a Slaveholder. And it would probably not require much effort to induce them to unite with others in supporting such a man as Judge McLean, or Silas Wright—men who would never lift a finger to hasten the abolition of Slavery, as it now exists in the States; and their opposition to its extension would be a passive one."

This is not a very flattering picture of the party, although drawn by one of its members, yet we question not its truth and are much obliged to the writer for his testimony. We have been severely censured time and again, for saying, that while we had no doubt there were many in the Liberty party ranks who sincerely desired the abolition of slavery, and would do all they believed to be right to promote it, the fact that a man belonged to the party was no evidence of his abolitionism.

It would have been a satisfaction to some had the writer given the names of those of whom he is suspicious. Is Dr. Bailey one of them? We are almost inclined to suppose he had him in mind, judging from the following paragraph in which he refers to the Dr.'s opinion as to the time of holding the all-important nominating convention.

"But now, it would seem, he (the Dr.) is in favor of awaiting the movements of other parties, in order to be affected by them; and to study the means of securing the largest vote. We like the idea of having a large vote; but, at the same time, we like some settled, determined policy—one by which we can understand ourselves, and by which others can know where to find us."

Gen. The Perry (N. Y.) Democrat says, "Our neighborhood has been so thoroughly drained of wheat that it has been somewhat difficult to find enough for home consumption of late. A week or two ago, a farmer of our neighborhood, in view of the foregoing circumstances—and when all others held their wheat at from \$1.75 to \$2.25—placed a lot in R. H. Smith's mill, in this village, expressly to accommodate the poor and mechanics of the neighborhood—giving directions to the miller not to charge over \$1.50 per bushel, not to let any one person have more than two to three bushels for their own use."

It is to be hoped that the friends of the unfortunate individual referred to, took good care of him by placing him in a Lunatic Asylum, for his was clearly a case of aberration of mind. What man in his sober senses would sell wheat at \$1.50 when he could get from \$1.75 to \$2.00? The poor fellow was without doubt incapable of taking care of himself.

#### THE FAIR.

Readers, one and all, what are you doing for the Fair? The time for holding it will soon be here—but a few weeks remain in which you can labor for it. Have you gone to the farmers and merchants, the mechanics and manufacturers in your vicinity, and obtained from as many of them as have the heart to give, such contributions, or the promise of them, as they will bestow. Remember that produce and goods of all kinds will be acceptable. Such of them as cannot be readily transported to the place of holding the Fair, you may easily exchange for such as can?

Have the signers of the call especially, canvassed their neighborhoods, and gathered up all so that nothing shall be lost? If there are those who have left aught undone that they can do, would it not be well for them to attend to it ere long so that every thing may be ready at the appointed time?

AMABLE IGNORANCE.—Charles J. Ingersoll, a modern Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania, and of the most ultra school, in a letter to the editor of the National Intelligencer respecting the Mexican War, very innocently says,

"In future articles, laying aside the sentimental, poetical, and common idle denunciations of war, tell us what harm this one does. You will perceive that I regard it as a national, not a party consideration. In that view, and sober earnest, please to tell us what harm it does to either of the two countries."

Cannot some one enlighten him in regard to this matter, or is it necessary to furnish him, we will not say with intellect, but with common honesty, before he can appreciate the putrefying mass of testimony that the graves of the American and Mexican soldiers alike present before his eyes can behold the fleshless bones of hundreds that are now bleaching on Southern plains, or his ears hear the cries of anguish that come up from the heart-broken widows and fatherless children of those who have died upon the battle field.—In sober earnest then, what harm does it do to strew God's beautiful plains and valleys with the mangled bodies of those created in the image of the Eternal? What harm does it do to crimson with gore that earth which the hand of the Great Artist adorned with its varied shades of green? What harm does it do to feed human hearts on human blood until they thirst for their prey as only human hyenas can? What harm does it do to tear down Right, to convert earth into hell, and man into a demon? In sober earnest, what harm is there in all these things, Charles J. Ingersoll?

The communication from our correspondent G. is interesting, for it indicates that even among those who do not regard the Constitution as pro-slavery, there exists a disposition and a determination to no longer maintain that union with slaveholders which is daily becoming more and more oppressive. Thus, in more ways than one, is Disunion taking hold of the hearts of the people.

PROGRESSING.—The Clarion of Freedom, a Liberty party paper published some counties south of us, and which by the way, unlike most of its fellows deals heavy blows on the pro-slavery sects, has adopted the same editorial motto that we have—the quotation from Edmund Burke. We should be glad to have the editor display our other motto, "No union with slaveholders."

The following frank avowal contains much more truth than northern Whigs generally will like to have circulated.

#### General Taylor.

One reason why the South should, and probably will sustain Gen. Taylor for the Presidency with great unanimity, is because his nomination affords us a final and unlooked for chance of electing a Southern man to office. Now, when it is considered that both the great parties at the North, court the Anti-Slavery faction; that both are opposed to the extension of Slavery; and that both exhibit a disposition of placing at the head of the government one who, from birth, association and conviction, is identified with the South, and who will fearlessly uphold her rights, and guard her from oppression, cannot fail to strike every candid mind. In this view, his election becomes a matter of vital moment to the slaveholding portion of the confederacy.—N. O. Bee.

Gen. WILSON, a Whig member of the N. H. House of Representatives, has been making a speech upon the monopoly of political power by the slave-holding interest.—Here is an extract.

"I am now attempting to demonstrate that the slaveholding interest has had the controlling power, designs to control, and carries every proposition she attempts to carry thro'. I come down to 1819. When then took place? The proposition was to form a new State, called Missouri. The question then came up upon the admission of Missouri with authority to hold slaves. It was met nobly and gallantly by the North. By the ordinance of 1787 that whole territory had been made free territory, and in 1819 they were for having the same thing. Every effort was made by the North upon the first trial; and free-men triumphed; the vote was against it.—Another Congress met; the slave power was not to be defeated. They were for threatening the dissolution of the Union; they were talking about the rupture of all strong and old associations. It was pressed with all the zeal of the South. It was then that they accomplished their object, and that by the conduct and concession of some of the Northern men who went with them. And then just look at the language which they applied to those who fell in with them, and see how courteous it was. John Randolph says—

"We conquered you; and we will conquer you again. We do not conquer you by the black slaves of the South, but by the white slaves of the North. We will drive you to the wall, and we will nail you like base coin to the counter." Missouri, Sir, was admitted, and here is the comment that was made upon it."

From the Cincinnati Herald.

#### Fugitives.

"O, Liberty! thou golden prize,  
So often bought with blood;  
We crave thy glorious sun to rise,  
The gift of nature's God."

How often is made this apostrophe to Liberty, by 3,000,000 of children of sorrow in our country! In the case of a few, from time to time, the prayer of the oppressed is realized. But a little time has elapsed, since the sun of liberty rose for the first time on a goodly number. On a memorable Saturday eve, in the eye of the Statute, about one score were slaves; on the next morn the waters of the Ohio rolled between them and slavery. The offer of \$3,000 reward rather hastened than retarded the Exodus of these children of Ham. More recently still, a slave mother, with her two children, took leave of her master, in Northern Virginia, near the river, and found the way safely down the Ohio, to Cincinnati. The mother and children belonged to one master, and the husband to another. The husband had already taken rather unceremonious leave of his master, for Cincinnati and Detroit, it being hinted that he was soon to be sold. Soon after his departure, the slave mother with her children, had permission to go a few miles to attend upon a sick friend of her mistress and spend a few days, as she was in the habit of doing. The mistress of the husband, wrote a short letter to the husband, put his wife's name to it, instead of her own, gave it to the wife to be sent to her husband, who, it was reported, was in Cincinnati. I give the letter, withholding only, in part, (for apparent reasons,) the names and dates. It is given verbatim, punctuated et literatim.

Kanawha co., Va., May 23d, 1847.

Dear Morris,

As the boat is going out this morning I thought to write you my situation and the children also Van is almost naked, I want you to come home and bring them some clothes. It is a lie about them selling you, and I want you to come home as soon as you can we have heard you have run off if you have you will be sorry for I think you are free enough here without going to the Ohio and leave your children to the protection of mother alone yours in haste

ARAMO

Now, I hope it will not be taken amiss, if I make use of Morris' name in answering the letter of his mistress, inasmuch as I apprise her of the fraud, which she did not do.

DETROIT, June, 1847.

Lost Mistress,

The letter you wrote me, and signed my wife's name to, I did not get—as my wife gave it to one of the friends she found on the road. I blamed her for not keeping it though she told me how they said it read. Did you think, Mistress, that I was "free enough without going to the Ohio?" Had I thought so, I should have stayed. Had my wife thought so, think you she would have endured "perils by water, perils by land, perils among the false?" Before reaching Detroit, I ventured to stop at a public house for some time; one man there with a bloated face, having learned that I was a refugee from slavery, said he had half a mind to be a slave himself. I thereupon told him of the vacancies in the neighborhood I had left; and the enraged man kicked me from the door. I have tried slavery, mistress, to my heart's content, and until you can show me "a bill of sale from the Almighty!" I shall be in no hurry to return and partake of the "tender mercies" of slavery. My wife says I was more for the children's than her own sake, that she periled all for liberty. She could not endure the thought that little Van, five years old, and Lorilla, ten, should never be permitted to learn the letters that spell the Savior's name. Some of the friends in the neighborhood of Cincinnati would have liked very much to have had Lorilla stayed and enjoyed the advantages of Mr. Gilmore's School for colored youth. Some one remarked, that so bright a child by being six months, or a year, in a good school, might equal or surpass the letter of her father's mistress.

But I must close, in haste,  
Joyfully, no longer yours,  
MORRIS.

The following is the address of the Repeal Association announcing the death of O'Connell:

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Fellow-countrymen—O'Connell is no more! The animating spirit of Ireland has passed away. The Light of the Nation is extinguished.

Weep and wail, and let your grief be without limit, oh Children of Ireland, for the cup of your affliction is full, and the extent of your suffering without measure. The pride of your hearts has been stricken down—the Bright One of Erin is removed—the Liberator of our country has departed.

With a season of sorrow it has pleased the Almighty to afflict us to the uttermost. Pestilence and famine blight our people, and, in a foreign country, far away from his own loved native land, low lies the veteran Champion of Ireland's liberties.

Oh! well may we mourn him, for the whole human race deplore his loss, and the gloom of our bereavement afflicts the world. Fellow-countrymen, how shall we best prove that we loved him whilst living, or mourn for him when dead? By reverencing his principles—by obeying his dictates—by pursuing the same noble objects in the peaceful steps he trod.

In one sense—in the true sense—O'Connell is not dead! Men like him can never die. All that was mortal has passed away, but the immortal part remains. His spirit, fellow-countrymen, abides with you. His moral teachings are spread forever through you, and through the universe. No time can extinguish the lessons of his wisdom.

For ourselves, associated as we were here, by him, our purpose is determined—to stand by his principles, and to abide by them alone. This is our fixed and unalterable resolve. Throughout the wide world a mighty voice is felt. Who shall fill it up? What nation, what people, has not lost a benefactor?—Our country has lost its guide and leader.—

Oh! let that country still be directed by his wisdom, and be marshalled beneath his standard.

His paths were paths of peace. He walked in the ways of law and order. Remember, still remember, the motto of his association—the moral of his wisdom and experience—

"The man who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy."

By his long and faithful services—by the noble example of his life—by the glory of his immortal name—we beseech, we implore you, fellow-countrymen, sever not from the principles, desert not the object nor abandon the doctrines of O'Connell.

#### Remarkable Prophecy.

A late number of the New Orleans Commercial Review contains an article in which it is stated that the Spanish Minister, Count de Aranda, after signing the treaty for Paris, in 1783, submitted to the king a secret memoir, in which he declares the independence of the British Colonies fills his mind with grief and fear, and expresses his belief that both France and Spain acted in opposition to their interests, when they espoused the cause of the Colonies. He regards the existence of the United States of America as highly dangerous to the Spanish American possessions, and on this subject uses the following remarkable language:

"This federal republic was born a pigmy, if I may be allowed so to express myself.—It has required the support of two such powerful States as France and Spain to obtain its independence. The day will come when she will be a giant, a colossus, formidable even in these countries. She will forget the services she has received from the two powers, and will think only of her own aggrandizement. The liberty of conscience, the facility of establishing a new population upon immense territories, together with the advantages of a new government (meaning free) will attract the agriculturists and mechanics of all nations, for men will ever run after fortune; and in a few years we shall see the tyrannical existence of the very colossus of which I speak."

"The first step of this nation after it has become powerful, will be to take possession of the Floridas, in order to have command of the Gulf of Mexico, and after having rendered difficult our commerce with New Spain, she will aspire to the conquest of that vast empire, which it will be difficult to defend against a formidable power established on the same continent, and in its immediate neighborhood."

"These fears are well founded; they must be realized in a few years if some greater revolution even more fatal does not sooner take place in our Americas."

In conclusion he proposes, as the best means of averting this imminent danger, that Spain should relinquish the Americas and establish three of the infantas, one to be king of Mexico, one of Peru, and the other of Costa Firme, retaining under the dominion of the mother country only Porto Rico and Cuba; and recommends that a treaty of commerce should be entered into between France and Spain, in relation to these countries, from the advantages of which Great Britain should be excluded.

#### OPINIONS OF SLAVERY AT THE SOUTH.

We have received a letter from a clergyman in one of the most remote and inaccessible of the slave States, whose well known name, if we were permitted to publish it, would add weight and impressiveness to what he says, which we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of presenting to those who are waiting for the dawn of right feelings and views on this subject at the South. That there is an under-current of feeling at the South such as this letter discloses, is as unquestionable as it is cheering:

"You know the self-will of despotism, and the forlorn hope of a disciple of Christ, in endeavoring to turn it from its current. We may talk of Turkish despotism as we please, it is not more dictatorial, obstinate, zealous and tyrannical, than the despotism of free, enlightened, Christian Slavery! Disguise it as you will, it is a monster. Some very good deluded men, (and I too, once, and was, and ever will be, a sin condemned by God, abhorred by saints, and shunned by holy men. The circumstances of my family seem to require that I should remain South, though sometimes I almost resolve to leave this region, for fear the smothered, heaving volcano may break forth, and bury in ruin this otherwise lovely land. But there are some bright streaks of hope. The influences of religion are gaining ground, and as they gain ground, masters treat their servants better in dress, and grant them more Christian privileges.—And this is not all: owners begin to feel that slavery is a sin. A few wicked men, (slaveholders,) have said to me at different times, that they did not see what business Christians had to come here and buy plantations and negroes, intimating that there is, in their estimation, a glaring inconsistency between religion and slavery. They justify themselves in slavery, because they do not profess to obey the Bible. They say a man cannot do to others as he would that they should do to him, and hold slaves. But in them this is only one among all other sins. Strange reasoning, but quite as logical as the reasoning of professors of religion, in excusing and justifying their continuance in sin. One thing is evident—the sin of slavery is felt more and more. This should encourage Christians to pray with fresh earnestness and strength, that God may pour out upon us a spirit of judgment—a spirit of burning, that that evil may be speedily removed."—New York Evangelist.

#### From the Grave Yard.

The Baltimore correspondent of the Anti-Slavery Standard, says,

Of the true state of things in Mexico, "the half has not been told." Our friend Dr. Snodgrass received a letter, the past week, from a sister's son at Vera Cruz, and the first intimation that he had, that the nephew had gone "to the wars." This young man says, that at the time of his writing, June 1st, 10 o'clock, A. M., that one hundred and eight had died since 6 o'clock the evening previous, a period of sixteen hours; and the day previous to writing there were one hundred and fifty-five buried. With the writer I am acquainted, and have no doubt of the truth of the above. How long will it take the "conqueror" to "conquer a peace" at this rate?

#### Runaway Slaves.

The Virginia papers say that quite an unusual number of slaves have absconded from that State during the past four weeks. This seems to be the case, for we scarcely open a paper from the Old Dominion, that we do not observe an unusual number of rewards for a certain species of locomotive property, for which of late, there seems to be but little security to its possessor. A Staunton, Va. paper, now before us, contains advertisements for four or five boys, (all slaves are boys, even if they have arrived at the age of fifty,) for whose recovery one and two hundred dollars are freely offered. It is curious to see the reasons some of these slaveholders give why their 'boys' have left them. One Grey, in the paper above alluded to, says he knows no cause of Sam's elopement, unless it be to get rid of servitude, and supposes he will run for a free State. Why, man, to be sure he will, and if he misses his 'aim it will only be because some pimp of the slaveholders stands in his way. Another advertises Adam, and says he purchased him in Louisiana county, and he may make his way there, as his wife is in that county. Very likely Adam desired to see his wife—it is natural that he should, but the great probability is, that he has taken passage on the underground railroad, and is ere this out of the hands of his persecutors.—Del. Co. Republican.

#### Death of Mr. Kennedy.

The death of this gentleman from injuries received during the late riot at Carlisle, Pa., has caused considerable excitement. The Baltimore correspondent of the Herald states that the friends and family of the deceased look upon Prof. McClintock, whom they charge with having incited the blacks to violence, as his murderer, and that steps have been taken to get him indicted! We venture to predict that if an indictment shall be found, the trial will result in showing the Professor's entire innocence. The truth is that the proceedings of the Court and its officers in respect to the fugitives whom Mr. Kennedy was trying to catch were in open hostility to the laws of Pennsylvania, and therefore well calculated to excite the blacks to violence. It seems even that the Court and Lawyers were alike ignorant of an important statute intended for the security of personal liberty, until Professor McClintock brought it to their notice. Those who think the interests of Slavery should be held paramount to Law and that the Slave-catcher should be allowed to take his 'pound of flesh' at whatever sacrifice, will doubtless endeavor to raise a clamor against the Professor, but their efforts will be utterly futile.—Tribune.

#### The Water of the Lakes.

The Southport (Wis.) Telegraph states that the water in the upper lakes is a foot lower than it was last year, and nearly three feet lower than it was three years ago. On the other hand, the water in Lake Ontario is continually growing higher. This fluctuation is continually going on. No one can account for the fact, although the fact accounts for a good many mysterious wrecks on shoals, in the spring before the amount of change can be ascertained. The highest variation, we believe, is about ten feet. We have known it to rise at the mouth of the Genesee eighteen inches in one year—but this was unprecedented. It is a subject for investigation, and is as great a cause of wonder as is the continued rise of the land in Norway and Sweden, which has risen some 1800 feet within the last 1200 years.—True Democrat.

#### Troublesome.

At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance lately in New York, "Rev. Mr. Kirk spoke with great earnestness. It was a strange thing that this subject of slavery was introduced into every meeting—was like the frogs of Egypt. Nothing was put forward with such pertinacity. One was allowed to do nothing by associated action till slavery should be removed. Could they send missionaries to the heathen? No! was the answer—abolish slavery! Could they meet for ecclesiastical purposes? No! again—remove slavery! In the pulpit, indeed, it was impossible to preach on other subjects, and in his closet he could pray for no other blessings than the removal of slavery. It was impossible for two men to associate together for any religious purpose, but it would be thundered in their ears, 'Just remove slavery!'

How little do we think of the dead! Their bones lie entombed in all our towns, villages, and neighborhoods. The lands they cultivated, the houses they built, the works of their hands are always before us. We travel the same roads, sit at the same fireside, sleep in the same rooms, ride in the same carriages, and dine at the same table, yet seldom remember that those who once occupied those places are gone—and that forever!

LACONIC.—Every man hath his circles of possibilities, both intellectually and morally, beyond which he may not venture, any more than an animal which is tethered—but let him tug hard and perseveringly at the rope; unlike the animal's, it will lengthen forever. He is a brave man who trembles not when he walks at midnight through the dark silent chamber of his own soul.

#### Exhibition.

The Pupils of the Cincinnati High School, attended by the principal Hiram S. Gilmore, design giving exhibitions in music, declamation, &c., at the following named times and places.

Mon. & Tues., 12th & 13th, Mt. Vernon; Wednesday, ———  
Thursday, ———  
Friday & Saturday, 16th & 17th, Oberlin; Mon. & Tues., 19th & 20th, Elyria; Wed. & Thurs., 21st & 22d, Cleveland; Friday & Sat., 23d & 24th, Painesville; Monday, 26th, Ashtabula; Tuesday, 27th, Jefferson; Wednesday, 28th, Austinburg; Thursday, 29th, Chardon; Friday & Sat., 30th & 31st, Chagrin Falls; Mon. & Tues., Aug. 2d & 3d, Akron; Wed. & Thursday, 4th & 5th, Massillon; Friday & Sat., 6th & 7th, Massillon; Monday & Tuesday, 9th & 10th, Wooster; Wednesday, ———  
Thursday, 19th, Newark; Friday & Sat., 13th & 14th, Lancaster; Mon. & Tues., 16th & 17th, Circleville; Wednesday, 19th, Bloomington; Thursday, 22nd, Wilmington; Friday, 23rd, Yankee Town.

#### WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this Circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts.—Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you do possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth and other manufactured articles—let the dairymaid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoe-maker present such useful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society or applying them by direction of the donors to some branch of this reform in harmony with the views of that Society.

The cause for which we ask you to labor is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favor from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed.—We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

BETSEY M. COWLES, Austintown, OHIO.  
LYDIA IRISH, New Lisbon, OHIO.  
JANE D. MCNEAL, GREENE, OHIO.  
MARY DONALDSON, do.  
MATILDA S. HOWELL, Painesville, OHIO.  
SUSAN MARSHALL, do.  
MARIA L. GIDDINGS, Jefferson, OHIO.  
MERCY LLOYD, Lloydsville, OHIO.  
MARY ANN BRUNSON, Medina, OHIO.  
PHEBE ANN CARROLL, Ravenna, OHIO.  
MARTHA J. TILDEN, do.  
SUSANNA E. DONALDSON, New Richmond, OHIO.  
RUTH DUGDALE, Green Plain, OHIO.  
ELIZABETH BORTON, Selma, OHIO.  
MARIA WHITMORE, Andover, OHIO.  
REBECCA S. THOMAS, Marlborough, OHIO.  
SARAH BOWN, Pittsburgh, OHIO.  
SARAH W. TAYLOR, do.  
MARY S. DICKINSON, Chagrin Falls, OHIO.  
SARAH BROWN, New Lyme, OHIO.  
ELIZA COWLES, Geneva, OHIO.  
ZELPH BARNABY, Mt. Union, OHIO.  
HARRIET N. TORREY, Parkman, OHIO.  
ELIZABETH A. SREEMAN, Randolph, OHIO.  
CORDELLA SMILEY, do.  
SILENCE RICHMOND, Munson, OHIO.  
ELIZABETH BUTTERWORTH, Hopkinsville, OHIO.  
ANN WALKER, Leesville, OHIO.  
MARY GRISWOLD, New Garden, OHIO.  
ELIZA HOLMES, Columbiana, OHIO.  
LEAH VOGLERSON, do.  
ANNA C. FULLER, Brooklyn, OHIO.  
CORNELIA R. COWLES, Buffalo, N. Y.  
MARY ANN ELLSWORTH, Richfield, OHIO.  
HARRIET POOR, do.  
LAURA BARNABY, Salem, OHIO.  
J. ELIZABETH JONES, do.

THE SUBSCRIBERS take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the Wholesale Grocery Commission and Forwarding business, under the firm of Gilmore, Porter & Moore. All consignments made to them will receive prompt attention. Upon the reception of such, they will give liberal acceptances if desired—charges reasonable.

Address Gilmore, Porter & Moore, No 96, west Front street, Cincinnati.

HIRAM S. GILMORE,  
ROBERT PORTER,  
AUGUSTUS O. MOORE.  
Cincinnati, May 4, 1847.

#### Anti-Slavery Books

Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are

The Forlorn Hope.  
Burleigh's Death Penalty.  
Voices of the True Hearted.  
Anti-Slavery Alphabet.  
Madison Papers.  
Narrative of Douglass.  
The Liberty Cap.  
Brotherhood of Thieves.  
Slaveholder's Religion.  
Christian Non-Resistance.  
Disunionist, &c.

N. B. Most of the above works can be procured of Betsey M. Cowles, Austintown.

#### MEDICAL.

##### DRS. COPE & HOLE

Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions. In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem. January 1, 1847.

#### CHEAP FOR CASH.

The proprietors of the Salem HARDWARE AND DRUG STORE, have just received their fall supply of NEW HARDWARE and FRESH DRUGS. The patronage of their old customers, and the public generally is respectfully solicited. CHESSMAN & WRIGHT. Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.



## POETRY.

### Hymn to the Flowers.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with morn, to  
twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dew drops on her lonely silks sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics; that with storied beauty  
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create

'Neath cloistered boughs, each bell that  
swings,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and  
column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath planned.

To the Cathedral boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon  
supply,  
Its choir, the winds and waves—its organ,  
thunder—  
Its dome, the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander  
Thro' the lone aisle; or stretched upon the  
sod,  
Awe by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living  
preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit—every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From lowliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor  
Weep without woe, and blush without a  
crime;  
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your love sublime.

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory  
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like  
ours;  
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory  
Are human flowers."

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,  
With which thou paintest nature's wide-  
spread hall,  
What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made  
for pleasure,  
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and  
night,  
From every source your sanction bids me  
treasure  
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral as ye! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could furnish  
scope!  
Each fading calyx a "memento mori,"  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in  
earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
And second birth.

Were I, oh God, in churchless lands remain-  
ing,  
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordain-  
ing,  
Priests, sermons, shrines.

### The Dying Slave.

Around his dying bed in grief they gather  
To press against their aged chieftain's hand;  
To look yet once upon their mother's father,  
Ere his long journey to the spirit-land.

"Comrades, I go!—I feel the better falling  
Which binds my prisoned soul to things of  
earth;  
Chieftains, I come!—I hear your voices call-  
ing  
From the green valleys of my land of birth.

"Brethren, farewell!—let not your tears be  
flowing  
For one whom death releases from the chain;  
Rather rejoice in the glad bliss of knowing  
I soon shall see our Africa again.

"Oh, suffer not the white men to deceive  
you!  
They seek to steal from our father's  
faith—  
This still is yours—and let it never leave you,  
Until your hearts are stilled for aye in  
death.

"Tis true they tell you of a God most holy,  
A Being who delights in deeds of love,  
One who regardeth most the meek and lowly;  
But their own deeds their faith a falsehood  
prove.

"Your Christian tyrants hate, and hate for-  
ever!  
Who loves the arrow which has pierced his  
soul!  
Free are your spirits—let the white man never  
With creeds of faith that freedom dare con-  
trol."

He ceased—and quietly his wearied spirit  
Passed through the portals of its earthly  
home,  
A fairer land than Africa to inherit,  
Where the man-stealing tyrant may not  
come.  
B. S. J.

### THE RICH.

They are the rich who treasures lie  
In hearts, not hands—in heaven, not here;  
Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,  
And mercy's tear.

### THE POOR.

They are the poor, who, rich in gold,  
Confiding in that faithless store,  
Or tremble for the wealth they hold,  
Or thirst for more.

Whose hands are fettered by its touch,  
Whose lips no generous duty plead;  
Go, mourn their poverty, for such  
Are poor, indeed!

## Sonnet.

Seek for high conquest! Let there be a  
strife  
For what is just and noble in thy soul;  
Never submit to Error's stern control,  
But follow the commander, Truth, through  
life.

Not by the rattling drum, the screaming  
file,  
The clanging trumpet, are his soldiers  
led;  
Not with fierce passions are their bosoms  
rife;

No field encumbered with the ghastly  
dead,  
No smoking city tells how sword and fire  
Have scattered ruin, misery, despair;  
But his small army march in triumph,  
where

Smile joy and plenty, and to heaven aspire  
Glad hymns of Freedom, such as filled  
the air  
When Israel's rescue rang from Miriam's  
lyre.  
Olive Branch.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### St. Giles and St. James.

This is the title of a recent work by Doug-  
lass Jerrold, which is designed to create a  
sympathy for those whose infant tongues  
were never taught to hush the name of virtue,  
and whose after lives did credit to their ear-  
ly teachings.

We have not seen the work, but judging  
of its merits by the following extract, we can  
but think it will do good.

### CHAPTER I.

And young St. Giles lay in Newgate, sink-  
ing, withering, under sentence of death—  
After a time, he never cried, or clamored;  
he shed no tear, breathed no syllable of despair;  
but, stunned, stupefied, seemed as if idly  
was growing on him. The ordinary—a good,  
zealous man—endeavored, by soothing, hope-  
ful phrase, to lead the prisoner, as the jail  
phrase has it, to a sense of his condition.

Never had St. Giles received such teaching:  
Condemned to die, he for the first time heard  
of the abounding love of Christianity—of the  
goodness and affection due from man to man.  
The story seemed odd to him; strange, very  
strange; yet he supposed it was all true.

Nevertheless—he could not dismiss the thought,  
it puzzled him. Why had he never been  
taught all this before? And why should he  
be punished, hanged for doing wrong; when  
the good, rich, fine people, who all of them  
loved their neighbors like themselves, had  
never taught him what was right? Was it  
possible that Christianity was such a beauti-  
ful thing—and being so, was it possible that  
good, earnest, kind-hearted Christians would  
kill him?

St. Giles had scarcely eight-and-forty  
hours to live. It was almost Monday noon,  
when the ordinary—having attended the other  
prisoners—entered the cell of the boy thief.  
He had been separated, by the desire of the  
minister, from his miserable companions,  
that their evil example of hardness—their  
reckless bravado—might not wholly destroy  
the hope of growing truth within him. A  
turnkey attended St. Giles, reading to him.  
And now the boy would raise his sullen eyes  
upon the man, as he read of promises of  
grace and happiness eternal; and now his  
heart would heave as though he was strug-  
gling with an inward agony that seemed to  
suffocate him—and now a scornful, unbeliev-  
ing smile would play about his mouth; and  
he would laugh with defying bitterness.

And then he would leer in the face of the  
reader, as though he read to him some fairy  
tale, some pretty story, to amuse and gull  
him. Poor wretch! Let the men who guide  
the world—the large brained politicians who  
tinker the social scheme, making themselves  
the masters and guardians of their fellow-  
men—let them look into this Newgate dun-  
geon; let them contemplate this blighted hu-  
man bud; this child felon, never taught the  
path of right, and now to be hanged for his  
sins; what a picture of human wretchedness,  
sullen out-cast! What a darkened, loath-  
some thing! And now comes the clergyman—  
the state divine, be it remembered—to  
tell him that he is treasured with an im-  
mortal soul! that, with mercy shed upon  
him, he will in a few hours be a creature of  
glory before the throne of God! Oh, politi-  
cians! Oh, rulers of the world! Oh, law-  
making masters and taskers of the common  
million, may not this cast-off wretch, this  
human nuisance, be your accuser at the bar  
of Heaven! Eggregious folly! Impossible!  
What—stars and garters impeached by rage  
and tatters! St. James denounced by St.  
Giles! Impudent and ridiculous! Yet here  
we say, comes the reverend priest—the  
Christian preacher, with healing, honied  
words, whose Book—your Book—with an-  
gelic utterance, says no less. Let us hear  
the clergyman and his fellow pupil.

"Well, my poor boy," said the ordinary,  
with an affectionate voice and moistening  
eyes: "well, my child, and how is it with  
you? Come, you are better; you look bet-  
ter; you have been listening to what your  
good friend Robert here has been reading to  
you. And we are all your friends, here. At  
least, we all want to be. Don't you think  
so?"

St. Giles slowly lifted his eyes towards  
the speaker. He then slowly, sullenly an-  
swered,—"No, I don't."

"But you ought to try to think so, my boy;  
it's wicked not to try," said the ordinary,  
very tenderly.

"If you're all my friends, why do you  
keep me here?" said St. Giles. "Friends?  
I never had no friends."

"You must not say that; indeed, you must  
not. All our care is to make you quiet and  
happy in this world, that you may be hap-  
pier in the world you're going to. You un-  
derstand me, St. Giles! My poor dear boy,  
you understand me! The world you're go-  
ing to!"

The speaker, intruded as he was to  
scenes of blasphemy, of brute indifference,  
and remorseful agony, was deeply touched  
by the felon condition of the boy; who could  
not, would not, understand a tenderness, the  
end of which was to surrender him softened  
to the hangman. "You have thought, my  
dear—I say, you have thought of the world?"  
—and the minister paused—"the world you  
are going to?"

"What's the use of thinking about it?"  
asked St. Giles. "I know nothing of it."  
"That, my boy, is because you are obsti-  
nate, and I am sorry to say it's wicked; and so  
won't try to know about it. Otherwise, if

you would give all your heart and soul to  
prayer—  
"I tell you, sir, I never was learnt to pray,"  
cried St. Giles, moodily; "and what's the  
use of praying?"

"You would find it open your heart, St.  
Giles; and though you see nothing now, if  
you were only to pray long and truly, you  
would find the darkness go away from your  
eyes, and you'd see such bright and beauti-  
ful things about you, and you'd feel as light  
and happy as if you had wings at your back  
—you would, indeed. Then you'd feel that  
all we are doing for you is for the best; then,  
my poor boy," said the ordinary with grow-  
ing fervor, "then you'd feel what Christian  
love is."

"Robert's been reading to me about that,"  
said St. Giles. "but I can't make it out no  
how. He says that Christian love means  
that we shouldn't do to nobody what we  
wouldn't like nobody to do to ourselves."

"A good boy," said the ordinary, "that is  
the meaning, though not the words. I'm  
glad you've so improved."

"And for all that, you tell me that I must  
think of dying; think of another world and  
all that; think of going to Tyburn, and, and"  
—here the boy felt hoarse; his face turned  
ash color, and feeling, he was about to fall,  
when the ordinary caught him in his arms,  
and again placed him on the seat. "It's no-  
thing—nothing at all," cried St. Giles,  
struggling with himself—"I'm all right; I'm  
game."

"Don't say that, child; I can't hear you  
say that; I would rather see you in tears  
and pain than trying to be game, as you call  
it. That, my boy, is only adding crime to  
wickedness. Come, we were talking of  
Christian love," said the ordinary.

"I know nothing about it," said St. Giles;  
"all I know is this—it isn't true; it can't  
be true."

"Tell me; why not? Come, let me hear  
all you'd say," urged the clergyman tender-  
ly.

"Cause if it means that nobody should do  
to nobody what nobody would like to have  
done to themselves, why does anybody keep  
me locked up here? Why did the judge say  
I was to be—your know, Mister?"

"That was for doing wrong, my boy; that  
was for your first want of Christian love—  
You were no Christian when you stole the  
horse," said the ordinary. "Had the horse  
been yours, you would have felt wronged  
and injured had it been stolen from you—  
You see that, eh, my boy?"

"Didn't think of that," said St. Giles  
gloomily; "But I didn't steal it; 'twas all  
along of Tom Blast; and now he's got off;  
and I'm here in the Jug. You don't call  
that justice, no how, do you? But I don't  
care; they may do what they like with me;  
I'll be game."

"No, my dear boy, you must know better;  
you must, indeed—you must give all your  
thoughts to prayer, and—"

"It's o' no use, Mister; I tell you I never  
was learnt to pray, and I don't know how  
to go about it. More than that, I feel some-  
what ashamed to it. And besides, for all your  
talk, Mister, and you talk very kind to me,  
I must say, I can't feel like a Christian, as  
you call it; for I can't see why Christians  
should want to kill me if Christians are such  
good people as you talk about."

"But then, my poor boy," said the ordi-  
nary, "though young, you must remember,  
you're an old sinner. You've done much  
wickedness."

"I never done nothing but what I was  
taught; and if you say—and Bob there's  
been reading to me—that the true Chris-  
tian forgives every body—well then, in  
course, the judge and all the noba are no  
Christians, else wouldn't they forgive me?  
Wouldn't they like it so, to teach me better,  
and not to kill me? But I don't mind;  
I'll be game; see if I don't be game—pre-  
cious!"

The ordinary, with a perplexed look, sigh-  
ed deeply. The sad condition of the boy,  
the horrid death awaiting him, the natural  
shrewdness with which he combated the ar-  
guments employed for his conversion, affect-  
ed the worthy clergyman beyond all past  
experience. "Miserable little wretch!" he  
thought, "it will be the worst of murders, if  
he dies this." And then, again, he essayed  
to soften the child felon, who seemed deter-  
mined to stand at issue with his spiritual  
counselor; to recede no step, but to the gal-  
lows foot to defy him. It would be his am-  
bition, his glory, if he must die, to die game.  
He had heard the praises bestowed upon  
such a death—had known the contemptuous  
jeering flung upon the repentant criminal—and  
he would be the theme of eulogy in Hog  
Lane—he would not be laughed, sneered at,  
for "dying dull!"

And this temper so  
grew and strengthened in St. Giles, that at  
length, the ordinary, wearied and hopeless,  
left his felon charge, promising soon to re-  
turn, and hoping, in his own words, to find  
the prisoner "a kinder, better, and more  
Christian boy."

"It's no use your reading that stuff to me,"  
said St. Giles, as the turnkey was about  
to resume his book; "I don't understand noth-  
ing of it; and it's too late to learn. But I  
say, can't you tell us something of Turpin  
and Jack Sheppard, eh? Something prime,  
to give us pluck!"

"Come, come," answered the man, "it's  
no use going on in this way. You must be  
quiet and listen to me; it's all for your good,  
I tell you; all for your good."

"My good! Well, that's pretty gammon,  
that is. I should like to know what can be  
for my good if I'm to be hanged? Ha! ha!  
See if I don't kick my shoes off, that's all!"  
And St. Giles would not listen; but sat on  
the stool, swinging his legs backwards and  
forwards, and singing one of the melodies  
known in Hog Lane—poor wretch! it had  
been a cradle melody to him—whilst the  
turnkey vainly endeavored to soothe and in-  
terest him. At length the man discontinued  
his hopeless task; and, in sheer listlessness,  
leaning his back against the wall, fell asleep.  
And now St. Giles was left alone. And now,  
relieved of importunity, did he forego the  
bravado that had supported him, and sol-  
emnly think of his approaching end? Did  
he, with some other but the eye of God in  
that stone cell, upon him—did he shrink and  
wither beneath the look; and, on bending  
knees, with opened heart, and flowing, re-  
pentant tears, did he pray for Heaven's com-  
passion—God's sweet mercy? No. Yet  
thoughts deep, anxious thoughts were brood-  
ing in his heart. His face grew older with  
the meditation that shadowed it. All his be-  
ing seemed compressed, intensified in one  
idea. Gloomily, yet with whetted eyes, he  
looked around his cell; and still darker and  
darker grew his face. Could he break pris-  
on? Such was the question—the foolish,  
idle, yet flattering question that his soul put

to itself. All his recollections of the glory  
of Turpin and Sheppard crowded upon him  
—and what greater glory would it be for him  
if he could escape! He, a boy, to do this!  
He to be sung in ballads; to be talked of,  
buzzed, and held up for high example, long  
after he should be dead—passed forever from  
the world! The proud thought glowed with-  
in him; made his heart heave, and his eyes  
sparkle. And then he looked about his cell,  
and the utter hopelessness of the thought fell  
upon him, withering his heart. Yet again  
and again—he gazed about him, dreaming of  
liberty without that wall of dirt. And thus  
his waking hours passed; and thus, in the  
visions of the night, his spirit busied itself  
in hopeful vanity.

The Tuesday morning came, and again,  
the clergyman visited the prisoner. The boy  
looked paler, thinner—no more. There was  
no softness in his eyes, no appealing glance  
of hope; but a fixed and stubborn look of in-  
quiry. "He didn't know nothing of what  
the parson had to say, and he didn't want to  
be bothered. It was all gammon!" These  
were the words of the boy felon, then—such  
was the humanity of the law; poor law!  
what a long no-mage of discretion has it pas-  
sed!—then within a day's span of the grave.

As the hour of death approached, the cler-  
gyman became more assiduous, fervent, nay  
passionate in his appeals to the prisoner;  
who still strengthened himself in opposition  
to his pastor. "My dear boy; my poor child;  
miserable, helpless creature!—the grave is  
open before you—the sky is opening above  
you! Die without repentance, and you will  
pass into the grave, and never—never know  
immortal blessings! Your soul will perish—  
perish as I have told you—in fire, in fire  
eternal!"

St. Giles swayed his head to and fro, and  
with a meek asked, "What's the good of all  
this? Haven't you told me so, Mister, again  
and again?"

The ordinary groaned almost in despair,  
yet still renewed his task. "The heavens,  
I tell you, are opening for you; repent, my  
child; repent, poor boy, and you will be an  
immortal spirit, welcomed by millions of an-  
gels."

St. Giles looked with bitter incredulity at  
his spiritual teacher. "Well, if all that's  
true," he said, "it isn't so hard to be hanged,  
after all. But I don't think the noba like  
me so well, as to send me to such a place as  
that."

"Nay, my poor boy," said the ordinary,  
"you will not, can not understand me, until  
you pray. Now, kneel, my dear child, kneel  
and let us say together—"

The ordinary fell upon his knees; but St. Giles,  
folding his arms, so planted himself as to  
make firmer root of the ground; and so he  
stood with moody, determined looks, whilst  
the clergyman—touched more than was his  
wont—poured forth a passionate prayer that  
the heart of the young sinner might be soft-  
ened; that it might be turned from stone to  
flesh, and become a grateful sacrifice to the  
throne of God. And whilst this prayer, in  
deep and solemn tones, rose from the prison  
cell, he for whom the prayer was formed,  
seemed to grow harder, more obdurate, with  
every syllable. Still he refused to bend his  
knee at the supplication of the clergyman,  
but stood eyeing him with a mingled look of  
incredulity, defiance, and contempt. "God  
help you—poor lost lamb!" cried the ordi-  
nary, as he rose.

"Now, I hope we shall have no more of  
that," was the only answer of St. Giles.

The ordinary was about to quit the cell,  
when the door was opened, and the govern-  
or of the jail, attended by the head turnkey,  
entered. "My dear sir, I am glad to find  
you here," said the governor to the ordi-  
nary. "I have a pleasing duty to perform: a  
duty that I know it will delight you to wit-  
ness." The ordinary glanced at a paper  
held by the governor; his eyes brightened;  
and clasping his hands, he fervently uttered,  
"Thank God!"

The governor then turned to St. Giles,  
who suddenly looked anxious and restless.  
"Prisoner," he said, "it is my happiness to  
inform you that his gracious majesty has  
been mercifully pleased to spare your life—  
You will not suffer with the unfortunate men  
to-morrow. You understand me, boy?"—for  
St. Giles looked suddenly stupefied—"you  
understand me, that the good king, whom  
you should ever pray for, has, in the hope  
that you will turn from the wickedness of  
your ways, determined to spare your life!—  
You will be sent out of this country; and  
time given you that, if you properly use, will  
make you a good and honest man."

St. Giles made no answer, but trembled  
violently from head to foot. Then his face  
flushed red as flame, and covering it with his  
hands, he fell upon his knees; and the tears  
ran streaming through his fingers. "Pray  
with me; pray for me!" he cried, in a broken  
voice, to the ordinary.

And the ordinary knelt, and rendered up  
"humble and hearty thanks" for the mercy  
of the king!

We will not linger in the prison; St. Giles  
was destined for Botany Bay. Mr. Capstick  
was delighted, in his own way, that the ends  
of justice would be satisfied; and whilst he  
rejoiced with the triumph of justice, he did not  
forget the evil deed; for St. Giles received a  
packet from the turnkey containing sundry little  
comforts for his voyage.

"We shall never see him again, Jim,"  
said Mrs. Anisled, as she left Newgate  
weeping; having taken her farewell of the  
young transport. "He's gone forever from  
us."

"Not he," said Bright Jim; we shall see  
him again another fellow quite—a true man,  
yet; I'm sure of it."

Whether Bright Jim was a true prophet  
will in due season be discovered by the pa-  
tient reader of the next chapters.

TALE.—There is no such thing as non-  
education. Every human being is educated; it  
is to say every human being derives prin-  
ciples of conduct and habits of action from  
the authority, the conversation and the ex-  
ample of those by whom he is surrounded.

The thief is educated, and the pick-  
pocket is most sedulously educated. There  
is no school in the world where more heed is  
given to the progress of the pupil than that in  
which a Fagin acts as a master, and an art-  
ful Dodger as head assistant! Obscenity  
and Blasphemy have their professors, whose  
lectures are very effective in training efficient  
pupils. Vice opens schools as well as vir-  
tue; crime has rewards for the zealous, and  
punishments for the refractory, quite as effi-  
cacious as those at the disposal of rectitude.

Let this great truth once be thoroughly ap-  
prehended.

## The Water Cure.

We have read various sober, methodical,  
matter-of-fact descriptions of the way in which  
people are washed clean from disease at the  
"water cure" establishments; but here is one,  
supplied by a victim at Brattleboro' for the  
New Haven Herald, which does up the  
process in a vivid, graphic, humorous kind  
of way, highly effective, but probably not a  
whit less truthful than the dullest of the  
others.—*Mass. Spy.*

"A feeble young man leaves his home and  
the nursing cares of a devoted mother—fond  
wife, and comes here away North among the  
hills, to seek the will o'wisp angel of health  
—in other words, to get his stomach washed  
out and his liver put in order. After a night's  
balmy repose, or rather in the midst of a  
night's slumbers, in which he dreams of fire-  
side and home and the maternal coffee and  
toast that await his awakening, the door of  
his chamber opens, and in walks a figure  
with shaggy hair and bare and brawny arms,  
who shakes the slumberer and rouses him  
with the hollow spoken words, "your bed is  
ready." Your balk is ready, he means, with-  
out the politeness of asking, "Are you ready  
for your bed?"

As inexorable as fate he stands, while the miserable victim rises and  
dreads himself till no covering but his skin  
shields his shivering nerves from the chill  
air through the open window.

The tormentor then strips the bed and  
spreads first a blanket and then over it a thick  
sheet just wet in water at 46° Fahrenheit.  
Upon this the shivering, shrinking patient,  
with his whole surface in a state of goose-  
fleshiness, extends his length, and feels him-  
self instantly enveloped in its folds. Then  
blanket after blanket is laid over and tucked  
in, till he takes the form and has somewhat  
the feelings of an Egyptian mummy, just  
dressed and cold, bound hand and foot, and  
wrapped up for the tomb. He is then left to  
his own reflections and the active powers of  
nature. He considers that if the boiling  
should take fire, he would probably, in his  
helpless condition, be roasted alive; and  
makes up his mind that he would not mind  
a roasting much provided it were in a warm  
fire.

Noon, however, nature rallies her forces,  
and the blood vessels are in excited action.—  
First, the surface of the body becomes warm,  
then the sheet, then every thing is heated to  
the steaming point; and there ensues a most  
soothing, sweet, and heart-soothing sensa-  
tion, in which he again falls asleep, and  
dreams of paradise and a bed of rose-leaves.

"Ah, whence is that spectre that pulls off  
his clothes,  
Ah, whence is that splash that now 'larums  
his ear!"

It is the same kind-hearted villain as be-  
fore, who, without deigning a single word,  
throws off blanket after blanket, and com-  
fortable after comfortable, till only one enve-  
lope is left, when he seizes him by the shoul-  
ders, lifts him upright in the bed, uncovers  
his feet, puts on a pair of slippers, throws a  
blanket over the head, and says, "follow me."

With one eye open, as docile as a  
lamb led to sacrifice, feeling like a fool, and  
looking just like Lazarus coming out of the  
grave, he goes slipshod down stairs, seats  
himself in a tub of water at 72° where a buck-  
et full is poured over him, and two rough  
hands rub him well. "But that is nothing  
—that ain't."

Before him is the terrible plunge bath, 11  
feet by 20, and 4 or 4½ deep. Its surface is  
so clear that it seems only a tank of air with  
a slight emerald tinge. Vain imagination!  
That liquid is as real as rock, and cold as the  
double extract of icebergs, and into that—  
wretched mortal—must you plunge. So here  
comes, one splash, and he rises to the top, feel-  
ing an icicle thrust through his heart. Out  
he scrambles and back again to the half bath,  
which now feels like hot water, to be again  
rubbed. Then a dry rubbing with a sheet  
and he is clothed quickly for a walk, and he  
struts forth to meet the sun, with nerves  
braced up to such a pitch that he cares not  
what he meets.

Over hill and through dell he stomps it  
with vigor, till presently the reaction is com-  
plete, and he feels as if he had swapped him-  
self away for another man. If he has even  
the humblest knowledge of whistling, he  
puts it in practice, or speeds along meditat-  
ing, the first half of the walk, upon the beau-  
ties of nature, and the latter half on the pro-  
bable quantity of breakfast required to sat-  
isfy an appetite that has become more shark-  
like than human.

### A Warning to Smokers.

A friend writes to us that he has been  
somewhat amused by an anecdote related to  
him by an aged friend who knew the lady  
and vouched for its truth. We confess that  
we have been a great deal amused by the  
story, and have no doubt that our readers  
will be so; so here it is.

A late number of "The Friend" records  
the death of a most excellent and venerable  
lady, a much beloved and faithful member  
of the Society of Friends. Until within a  
few years she was a most inveterate smoker.  
Indeed her pipe was not idle even in the  
night watches, her wakeful hours being  
cheered by frequent puffs at the fascinating  
weed. But on a certain night she had a  
dream. She dreamed that she died and went  
to the gate of heaven and asked if her name  
was in the Book of Life. The angel went  
and looked, and returned, saying, "it is not  
there." "Do look again," said she, "for it  
must be there." With a countenance ex-  
pressive of the deepest solicitude, the angel  
looked again, but soon returned, and said  
weeping, "it is not there." "Oh, do look  
once more," implored she; "I have had an  
assurance that it is there." The lowly and  
lovely angel, his brightness and beauty veiled  
in grief, went and looked again. After a  
while the radiant spirit returned, and with a  
welcome smile, joyfully said, "Yes it is  
there; but it was so covered and clouded  
with tobacco smoke that we couldn't see it."

The aged matron awoke, and believing,  
with George Fox, that there are but three  
kinds of dreams—those caused by "multi-  
tude of business," "whisperings of Sat-  
tan," and "the true night vision,"—had no  
difficulty in deciding at once, and believing  
ever afterwards, that her dream was of the  
ever afterwards, that her dream was of the  
ever afterwards, that her dream was of the  
ever afterwards, that her dream was